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No. 133.

THE DRUNKEN ENGINEER.

BY LOUIS CARROLL PRINDE.

On! with a shuddering, piercing scream,
Hurled by a hissing Hell of steam,
On with a roar through the night so black
With headlight shining on curving track,
And no one to guess that death waits near
The hand of the raving-crazed engineer!

The soul shrieks! Its throb of pain,
The fire will echo it back again,
The stars look down in sweet pity to see,
While the Devil laughs in his rollicking glee;
For he knows that to Hell a soul near—
The soul of the drunken engineer.

On! with a tremble, a rush and a jar,
Behind comes the train; but a funeral car,
For death rides ahead, with a blood-marked roll,
And lists the soul of the soon-to-be soul;
Some for Heaven; but the Devil waits near—
To welcome the soul of the mad engineer.

Now comes with a rush, like the hurricane's breath,
A glorious feast for the harvest of death;

No power can help—no power can save

A hundred lives from the waiting graw;

All must be lost by one engineer

With a shock like the roar of a pending world,
Or a hundred thunderbolts each have hurled,
The engines meet; then all is o'er,
Though a hundred hearts will beat no more;
And the Devil shrinks back with a shudder of fear

From the blood on the soul of the lost engineer.

The Red Scorpion: OR, THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CREST-
CENT," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES THE
HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

BEWARE! BEWARE!

"Does Karl Kurtz live here?"
It was a bold, authoritative voice that questioned the servant who answered the summons at the front door.

"He does, sir."

"Then, we wish to see him at once.
We'll walk in—"

The domestic seemed embarrassed.

"You are strangers, gentlemen—were you invited? Can't you call again to-morrow?"

"No; we'll see him at once," decidedly.
"But, he's got company, sir."

"I judge so. It makes no difference; I say we'll walk in—"

"Wait, please, sir. Just stop here, and I'll tell him."

"Be quick, then."

A few moments Kurtz came out of the parlor, and walked toward the door. As he passed the large clock, he involuntarily glanced at the dial. Instantly, his face paled as he noticed the hour, he half paused, and the muscles of his face twitched in a sudden start.

The comers stepped in as he approached, and, while Kurtz bowed distantly, the foremost presented a card.

"VINCENT CAREW," Kurtz read; and then he asked:

"You wish to see me on business?"

"Perhaps it may be called business—a special kind. I come from England."

"England?" He recoiled as he repeated the word, and darted a quick, searching glance at his strange visitor.

"If you are Karl Kurtz, I wish to see you in private."

The tone was singularly impressive; under ordinary circumstances, the delivery of the words would ill-accord with the position of one who was a visitor and a stranger.

But, turbid thoughts were already chasing rapidly through the brain of Karl Kurtz. As he bent a keen gaze on the man, he appeared to ignore the air of command, which this person assumed, in an evident attempt to read the object of the unexpected call.

"I am very busy, just at present, entertaining company," he said, at length. "If you will come again to-morrow—"

He was interrupted by an impatient wave of the hand.

"Or, if you desire, I will have you shown to a room—"

"Neither will do. I must see you at once. And you dare not refuse."

"Ha! What do you mean by that?"

"Look!" pointing to the clock. "You see the hour?"

"Eleven," slowly spoke Kurtz, his eyes wandering to the time-piece and back again to the two men.

"And this is the twelfth of June. Do you understand?"

A tremor took possession of the listener's frame. But it was over in an instant; he faced the others determinedly.

"Who are you?"

"No matter. Come; a few minutes in private, if you please. Excuse yourself to your guests."

Kurtz wheeled short around and re-entered the parlor. Returning after a short time, he said, in a brief, snappish way:

"Now follow me."

Vincent Carew ascended the stairs behind him, and, lastly, Dyke Rouel kept close in their rear, his eyebrows wriggling, his whole appearance betraying considerable uneasiness.

To a long, low, book-lined library the two were led, and when Kurtz had banged the door shut, he bade them be seated. Throwing himself into a chair, he settled down in it comfortably, eying them steadily, but said nothing.

Vincent Carew seemed resolved to pro-



"Ha! fellow--rascal! what's that for?"

seed without delay to the business in hand.

"Now, then, Mark Drael, let us enter at once upon this thing."

"Mark Drael?—ha! who's Mark Drael?

What do you mean?" and the old gentleman moved uneasily, as he thus exclaimed.

"I mean that you are Mark Drael, better known as Karl Kurtz."

"Mark Drael as Karl Kurtz?—ha! ha!

Fudge! What's all this? Where did you come from?—the lunatic asylum?"

"We came from England. We represent a man named Antoine Martinet!" cried Kurtz, surprised, though Carew detected a falter in his voice. "You do—you—ha! now, who the devil is Antoine Martinet?"

"Wait, please, sir. Just stop here, and I'll tell him."

"Be quick, then."

A few moments Kurtz came out of the parlor, and walked toward the door. As he passed the large clock, he involuntarily glanced at the dial. Instantly, his face paled as he noticed the hour, he half paused, and the muscles of his face twitched in a sudden start.

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Drael, nor Mark anybody else. A name is Karl Kurtz."

"While you act this part, your heart is

shrinking in your breast. When you came out of the parlor a few minutes ago, I saw you look up at the clock. You started when you marked that the hour was eleven. Why? Because you remembered simultaneously that this was the twelfth of June; and with the remembrance, there came a vision of a dark deed done years ago, on a corresponding date. Ah, you are burning white! I bite deep now, do I? I tell you again, I come from Antoine Martinet; and I come with orders. Are you prepared to obey?"

"Hold!" said Carew, motioning him back.

"Hold for what? Devil take you! you

and your shadow here are too presuming, I think. You've called me away from my company to practice some tomfoolery—"

"Enough of this," Vincent Carew uttered

the words in a short accent, and added, immediately: "You see that thing on the wall, Mark Drael?"

"Mark Drael?—who is Mark Drael?"

"The figure represents a scorpion," continued Carew, without noticing the interruption.

"And what if it does?" now meeting the other's gaze with a front that was defiant, wrathful, that of one who was determined to maintain authority in his own house.

"A great deal, Mark Drael!"

"Mark Drael again! Demmy, sir, you are mistaken!"

"Mark Drael once used a scorpion to rid

himself of an enemy. Though the sting of the animal is seldom known to be deadly,

he found a means to make it so, and, with it, removed a dangerous rival of former years."

Kurtz listened. His eyes, perhaps, opened a trifle wider as he gazed into the sullen countenance of Vincent Carew.

"Well, sir, and what are you driving at? Zounds! here's time wasting, when I ought to be down-stairs!"

"This exterior is well assumed, Mark Drael!"

"The devil! I tell you I am not Mark

Drael, nor Mark anybody else. A name is Karl Kurtz."

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Drael, nor Mark anybody else. A name is Karl Kurtz."

"Hardly had he taken a step, when he became transfixed. He stared wildly into the space beyond Karl Kurtz; the paper fell from his grasp; he threw his arms upward, uttered a hollow groan, and sank backward into the sustaining hold of Rouel, who sprang promptly forward.

"Maester, maester, rouse up! You mustn't faint now! Quick! he's going."

Kurtz snatched up the paper from the floor, and thrust it in his pocket.

"Tell him, when he gets over this, to wait until to-morrow, if he has ought to say to me," with this, which was spoken sternly, the owner of Birdwood turned to leave the apartment.

He was too engrossed with dark, threatening thoughts to question them as to the cause of Carew's mysterious faint; but a moment later he did wonder.

Some one knocked loudly at the door.

"Miss Lorily's fainted, sir!" blurted a servant, in the face of his employer.</p

—mine for better or for worse. If you think I will calmly resign my hopes, then you will see what a man may do to win the woman who is his idol."

While the music was once more crashing grandly, and the guests returned to their terpsichorean reveries, a shadowy form was noiselessly moving along the entry on the second floor, in the direction of the library.

It was Karl Kurtz. His face was white even to ghastliness as he paused before the lamp; his mien was of an extremely nervous kind; he cast furtive glances about him, as if he dreaded some one or something that might be dogging him.

"The paper!" muttered he, producing the article which he had secured when Vincent Carew swooned before the apparition.

His fingers trembled as he began to break the blood-red seal. Twice he paused, twice a cold shiver passed over him. But, manning himself each time, he presently turned the first fold.

At that juncture, a hand fell upon his shoulder. Under the circumstances—his nerves so strung that the least sound appeared to frighten him—this silent interruption sent a thrill of ice into his veins.

When he looked around, it was to encounter the face of Dyke Rouel.

This individual's countenance, so sickly in its paleness, and with dark circles beneath the eyes, was like the visage of a smirking ghost. Only by a great effort did the startled man smother a cry of terror.

"You—what do you want here?" he gasped.

"To warn you," replied Dyke Rouel, quietly.

"To warn me?"

"Beware how you trifile with the man who came here to-night—Vincent Carew. He is bold, daring, reckless, when he meets with obstinacy in another. He is deadly as an enemy. You know your real name is Mark Drae; he knows it, too. He has come upon a mission. It rests with you whether that mission shall be a bloody one—"

"Ha! would he—"

"Ay, he would do any thing. If you dare to defy him, he would sweep you and yours from the face of the earth, even if he should pay the penalty on the gallows within a fortnight. I heard him swear, at the death-bed of Antoine Martinet, to make you stand to your bargain."

"You speak of Antoine Martinet—you knew him?"

"Yes,"

"Where?"

"In London. He fled from America, he said, to escape justice, which pursued him for a crime he had committed at your instigation."

Again had Dyke Rouel discarded his low, whining voice, and the habit of twitching his eyebrows. He now spoke with an unmistakable emphasis.

"And where is Antoine Martinet now?"

"Dead. Ask me no questions. Remember—do not trifle with Vincent Carew." The slim form moved away with cat-like tread.

At the door Rouel paused, turned, gave the other a meaning look, then disappeared.

For a long time Karl Kurtz stood still as a statue; but there was a slight quiver in that stillness. A vacant, staring gaze was that which he fastened on the carpet at his feet, as he thought aloud:

"At last—at last it has come. Antoine Martinet, now gone where the law can not reach him, sends these men to bring from me the fulfillment of my pledge. That pledge?—God! what hours of misery does it recall! Would that you and I had never met, Antoine Martinet! Would that the fiery passions of my youth had not set you on to a deed which has accursed me nothing—nothing save regret and a darkened conscience. Even when my rival was struck from my path, the woman I loved spurned me the same. And she went to her grave with a broken heart. But I have tried to atone in my care for Lorilin. There, there, what use in all these memories re-wrought? In the toils!—beggar, beggar at last!"

Slowly he restored the unopened paper to his pocket, and his head fell forward on his breast.

What was that which appeared around the door-jamb?—a face. It vanished in a second, and silence surrounded Karl Kurtz as he dreamed awake—a red, fearful dream of bygone days.

CHAPTER IV.

THADDEUS GIMP'S TALISMAN.

At his luxuriously-furnished rooms in L—, Oscar Storms sat with elbows resting on a table, and face buried in his hands. He was thinking.

It was the day after the party at Birdwood, the morning subsequent to the occurrences which mark our past chapters with importance.

Through the mind of young Storms was training something like this:

"Most strange and most perplexing. What well-kept secret lies in the bosom of Lorilin St. Clair?—the woman I love to madness, and for whom I would sacrifice my all. That there is some secret, I am sure. What, unless it be thoughts that so worked upon her until she imagined something at her side, could have made her swoon away, cry out as if a demon or a specter had confronted her?" (A short pause; then again the low musings.)

"What did I see last night?—what did I hear? Who were those strangers who commanded Karl Kurtz to leave his guests, saying he dared not refuse? Kurtz has a secret, too. And that slim humanity in tight-fitting black clothes—what did he say to Kurtz, in the library? I could not hear. Mystery, mystery enough to set one's brain in a whirl!"

It was near the dinner hour; but he had not prepared his toilet, sat in dressing-gown and slippers, careless of the lapses of time, and anon he stroked his fingers through his disordered hair, as if he would force into his head an explanation of those things which formed the subject of his meditations.

"And Lorilin has refused me. I had hoped that, by humorizing her disposition, I might 'win' her. Though I smiled, even when the pain of her refusal still clung to me, I could have—Oh! how I have yielded to this passion of mine! If I could only—Well, who's there?"

"A gentleman wants to see you, sir," said a servant, who had tapped lightly at the door.

"Do you know who it is?"

"The same one that's been comin' so regularly, sir."

"Show him up." He frowned as he gave the order.

A short man with fat body and head, spare limbs, bald pate and pale blue eyes, a mouth that was stained with tobacco-juice, a carriage of independence, a glance that was shrewd and sly—this was the visitor.

In one hand he carried a broad-brimmed straw hat, and in the other a heavy cane; as he entered, he bowed in a familiar way.

"Be seated, Mr. Gimp."

"Ah, yes. Thank you. Hope I see you in unusual good health, Mr. Storms. Heard's excessive—isn't it? 'Um!'

"I suppose you come on your old errand?" questioned Storms.

"Ah, well, yes; that is—Now, Mr. Storms, I don't want to be considered an eyesore; it's only business, you know."

Oscar Storms was busy at a small desk. Presently, he handed the other a bank-check.

"There, Mr. Gimp."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Storms. Business is business, you know," and the pale blue eyes managed to twinkle just the smallest bit as he received the slip.

"I wish this transaction was over."

"Now, my dear Mr. Storms, you would n't be so inconsiderate, I know. Just think: if it was 'over,' Thaddeus Gimp wouldn't have any salary to draw regularly every month."

"When I engaged you as my lawyer, and pledged that, if you won the case which has given me my present wealth, I would pay you a salary as long as I lived, I did not reckon what trial it would be to endure your continual presence, have you following me about like a shadow. I do not attempt to conceal it, Mr. Gimp; I dislike to see you."

"Now, my dear Mr. Storms," with a deprecative motion, "how can you? Don't you know you haven't a more sincere well-wisher in the world than I? Really!"

"It is natural to fawn upon wealth!" Storms said, indifferently.

Just the slightest expression of original honor came to the round face of the lawyer, and distending his eyes, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Storms!"

"There, there, Thaddeus Gimp, I did not intend offense."

"Oh!"

The apology seemed to restore the other's equanimity.

"Now, Mr. Storms, let us proceed to business."

"Business?" repeated the young man, in surprise.

"Y—e—s, business" nodding his bald head and rubbing his hands together, while he appeared to enjoy the look of blankness in the face of Oscar Storms.

"What business, Mr. Gimp? I am not aware of anything beyond our customary transaction."

"But it happens that there is something. Now, by chance, I know you love one Lorilin St. Clair, niece of Karl Kurtz. Rumor—ha! ha! ha!"

Oscar flushed.

"Well, what of that?" he demanded, curtly.

"A more easily excited young man I never did see!" exclaimed Gimp.

"What of Lorilin St. Clair, I ask?"

"Now, Mr. Storms, I know that she has refused a dozen good offers. Do you think you'll meet with any better success than her former suitors, eh?"

It was strange he thought, that the lawyer should put such a question. Could it be that he knew of what had transpired on the piazza at Birdwood the night previous?

"—and if so, what was he driving at?"

"No," replied Storms, directly, "I have no very great hopes."

"U—u! Well, now, I'm goin' to help you—"

"Ha! can you do this?" All eagerness, all anxiety was the manner of the speaker.

"Well—yes—I think I can."

"Thaddeus Gimp"—he arose suddenly and advanced to the lawyer's side—"if there is any way in which you can assist me, let me hear it. I love Lorilin St. Clair with a wild, consuming fervor! And—I'll, make a confidant of you: I proposed last night!"

"Eh? You did?"

"Yes, and—" he hesitated.

"She refused you?" ventured Gimp.

"She refused me."

"Um! um! um—m—m—m! So?"

"Now, tell me how you can aid me."

Thaddeus Gimp looked down at the carpet, in a studious way.

"If the means I suggest works favorably, Mr. Storms—" he was saying, when the young man, comprehending, interrupted him.

"Then I'll double your salary."

"Good—very good. When are you going to Birdwood?"

"At once. Without delay."

"Well, pay attention: when next you see Karl Kurtz, whisper these words in his ear; he drew Oscar's head down and spoke something in an undertone. "You will immediately see some effect, I think," and the lawyer assumed a very wise look, after having delivered the brief instructions.

"But, what has that to do with Lorilin?" interrogated Storms.

"A great deal. When you have done this, then say to Karl Kurtz: 'I love Lorilin St. Clair, but she rejects me. You must compel her to be my wife, by fair means or foul, or dread the consequences, if you refuse.' That, I think, will fit it."

Oscar flushed as if struck by a blow.

"I do as you say, Mr. Gimp," though he spoke in wrapt wonderment.

"Do. Kurtz is a man of iron will.

When you have made him your ally, the path to your aims will be smooth. See? Report to me soon, Mr. Storms; I want to hear of the effect. Now, I'll bid you good-day."

"Good-day."

Oscar Storms was alone.

The words of lawyer Gimp, and his promises of success, formed another shadow in the young man's perplexity.

Gimp was smiling, as if with some extraordinary inward satisfaction, when he walked from the house. He chuckled and thought:

"Ha! h—a! now, here's my salary doubled—good! And I think I've got hold of something that will double that salary again—twice good! Pretty soon I'll give up my practice, build a brown-stone front, and live in ease—oh, wonderful ease! Nothing like being shrewd. It lifts a man right through the world. I shall wait till I hear how the thing takes, coming from the lips of Oscar Storms. If it is successful, then Thaddeus Gimp has a little hand to play, too. Ha! h—a! how lucky that I had occasion to visit the *Red Ox* last night—how very lucky, thought:

"Ha! h—a! now, here's my salary doubled—good! And I think I've got hold of something that will double that salary again—twice good! Pretty soon I'll give up my practice, build a brown-stone front, and live in ease—oh, wonderful ease! Nothing like being shrewd. It lifts a man right through the world. I shall wait till I hear how the thing takes, coming from the lips of Oscar Storms. If it is successful, then Thaddeus Gimp has a little hand to play, too. Ha! h—a! how lucky that I had occasion to visit the *Red Ox* last night—how very lucky,

indeed! Yes, and the next step I take will be to find out more about those two strangers." Smiling, chuckling, swinging his cane, heedless of his surroundings as he walked along and ruminated on some all-absorbing topic, he disappeared around a near corner.

Oscar Storms was eager to test the talisman put into his mouth by the lawyer, and made haste to a livery stable.

Birdwood was ten miles outside the city, and as he sped along the road, his impatience increased as the distance lessened.

When he alighted at his destination, he observed the two strangers, who had arrived the night before, seated on the piazza. With a covert glance at them, he entered the house.

In the parlor he found Lorilin. Lovely as ever, in a loose morning robe and hair tastily arranged with a large crimson rose, she sat near one of the windows reading a novel. Her face was pale—the stamp of a sleepless night—its expression was weary. But it was a beautiful picture, and Oscar paused for a moment to contemplate it.

"Lorilin,"

She had not noticed his approach; at sound of her name she quickly raised her eyes from the volume—though without betraying much surprise.

"Mr. Storms?"

"Excuse me if I interrupted some pleasant dream, Lorilin—"

"Oh, no; I had a lonely hour to pass, and merely opened the book at random. You wish to see my uncle? I'll call him."

"Stay; let me speak with you. You say you had a lonely hour to pass, Lorilin. Why should you be lonely? If you would choose, you might have one always with you who would aim to make every moment of your life one of joy—"

"Mr. Storms."

"Nay, listen Though you refused my offer of marriage only last night, I have not despaired. I am pleading, now, the greatest passion of my soul! I would persist, gently, in my love. Will you not hear me? I love you, Lorilin, more than man ever before dared love woman. It is you, alone, who can make me happy—and so easy, too; just say one word, one little word, that will tell me you may, *some day*, be mine—"

"Cease!" Lorilin was icy in the interruption—the gesture accompanying the word was one of command.

"Do not speak of this again, Mr. Storms. Let us be friends, but—say no more to me of love. There is uncle, now."

Mr. Kurtz had joined them.

With astonishment portrayed in every lineament, Oscar Storms contemplated him.

Karl Kurtz of twenty-four hours ago was scarcely recognizable in the man who now stood before them.

The skin of the face seemed shrunken; the lips were drawn tight shut and bloodless. His look was haggard—the eyes, once flashing, and speaking the iron-like nature of their owner, were weak, restless, half-closed.

"Mr. Kurtz! why, what on earth—are you ill?"

"Excuse me, gentlemen." Lorilin withdrew.

"My dear sir, you—"

"Did you wish to see me, Oscar?"

doors. No one knew exactly how it happened, and the jailer was afterward discharged for neglect of duty; but as the man appeared to care little for the loss of his situation and to be at no want for funds, it was presumed that he yielded to the bribes of the prisoner, who had been permitted to retain the valuables he had upon his person at the time of his arrest.

The escape was discovered shortly afterward, and instant pursuit made. The fugitive was traced without difficulty to the edge of the Danver wood. The officers of the law sent back for a larger force to beat the wood; but while they waited there was another pursuer upon the track, one more relentless and quicker to act.

Wert never forgave Mr. Granville the blow he had dealt him; it was Wert now who crept through the thicker portions of the forest, holding in leash the impudent hound which had once guarded the secret of the man he was now pursuing. On and on, never flagging, never turning aside, and at last, with one blood-chilling cry, as he felt himself free, the savage brute bounded forward upon his prey.

It was a sight that made the heart sick which the officers found there. A horribly mutilated body, from which the soul had fled; Austin Granville was beyond the reach of human punishment.

Wert, stained deeply with a murderous crime, hid away for a time; and when afterward found, was mad—raving mad!

He was placed in an asylum for criminals.

Providence sends strange and awful dispensations sometimes.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 123.)

Pearl of Pearls:

OR,
CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE
HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK
CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AGAIN IN THE TOOLS.

THE sudden appearance of Cassa; the rough grip in which the negress caught her; the lowering expression on the black countenance—where the whites of the eyes stood out, and the glistening teeth gritted as she grimed in triumph; the savage threat made by Dorsey Derrick, while he leered down upon the unfortunate object of Claude Paine's persecution; all this filled the child with a nameless, agonizing terror, and she nearly sunk down in their feet.

But there was a quick reaction.

Seeming to be gifted with a strength remarkable for one so young, she tore away the rude hands that pressed over her mouth, and, at one desperate wrench, freed her arm.

In breaking the hold the negress had fastened upon her, she so bruised her tender flesh, that she could not suppress a cry of pain.

But that cry molded to a wild scream; and as she darted away from them—

"Help! Help!" rang from her lips, in accents of alarm.

But the flight and the cry were useless. Ere she had taken a dozen leaps, her enemies were after her, swift and angry—presently catching her; and Derrick closed his vicious hand, like a contaminating coil, around her fair throat.

The appeal for help wasted itself on the surrounding stillness. But there was a window thrown up on the opposite side, from which issued a stream of light, and a hand was thrust out, whose owner gazed up and down the street.

The three were out of sight, however, in the surrounding shadow, and the window was presently closed.

"Now will you be quiet—or shall I choke you to death?" hissed Derrick, as he partially loosened his half-death grip.

Pearl could not recover her breath for some time; when she could speak, she wailed:

"Oh! what—what are you going to do with me? I never gave you any cause to hum me down like this! Won't you let me go to mamma, please?"

"What's you goin' to find her? Your mother ain't dar," said Cassa, bluntly, with a nod in the direction of the house.

"Not there!" cried Pearl, in a pitiful tone. "Where is she, then?"

"Done gone away an' lef' you to de kee of me," the negress replied.

"Your mother has gone a long way from here," indorsed Derrick, "and you have no real friends but us."

"You—my friends?"

"Yes, we are. And I'll tell you why we are. If you go along quietly and behave yourself, we'll do you no harm, at all, I promise you. If you make a fuss, I'll have to choke you again, and we'll take you anyhow. When you do go we'll take good care of you; and when your mother comes back you may return to her," the last peremptory.

"You don't mean that," denurred Pearl. "You'll never let me go back."

"Yes, we will. Come, now, make up your mind which way it shall be. You are all by yourself, and we could do whatever we wanted to with you. But we don't want to hurt you if we can help it. Will you go?"

"Take me," said Pearl, in a low, subdued voice, and she hung her head and clasped her hands before her, as they led her away.

The threat and the promise combined had made her submissive; but there was a hopeless, miserable feeling in her tortured bosom, as she walked silently along between the two.

"Where's we goin'?" asked Cassa.

"We can't go over to Baltimore to-night," he replied.

"Where's we goin', den?" she repeated.

"I wonder if the child will behave herself?" he said, inquiringly, ignoring her question, and looking down at Pearl.

"Yes—I don't care," Pearl muttered, absently.

"I ax you where's we goin' at?" persisted the negress.

"We will go to the house of a man I know of, on L street, who will give us shelter for to-night; and in the morning we'll go to New York. Now, see here!" he put the question very abruptly—"was that story true, about the child getting away from you at the depot in Baltimore, by going after a drink of water?"

"At the depot!" exclaimed Pearl, raising her eyes quickly. "Why, did she tell you it was at the depot that I got away from her?"

"You chile—shut you mouf, now!" snapped Cassa.

"Humph!" grunted Derrick. "I thought as much. Now, nig, tell me the true 'cause why' of the child getting away from you. Come, make a clean breast of it."

"Well den I tell you. Dere am no use fo' to go to New York wi' de chile—"

"Why?"

"Cause I's got a sister in Baltimore, what lives way out of de way of everybody, an' that's where I went at; an' de chile would be jus' as safe from doin' of de gentleman trouble, as if she wa' in New York. So now."

"That's it, eh?"

"Yes, 'tis."

"And you think the child could be as safely kept out of the way in Baltimore as she could in New York?"

"I does," emphatically.

"Now," he said, presently, "if you are sure she could be safely kept—"

"I is shuah," interrupted Cassa.

"Then I don't see any necessity for your going to New York."

"Dere ain' no necces'ty."

"Well, we'll talk it over in the morning."

Cassa glanced down at the child, with an expression of feature that conveyed, in a sort of spiteful triumph:

"Now den—what you get by stickin' you tongue in!"

But Pearl did not see the evil look, nor feel the malignant gleam of the dark eyes; she was again silent and pensive—continuing on between them, as if she had no will of her own, but obeyed, in a sort of wakeful insensibility, the voices of her two captors.

Near to the West End Market stands a frame building of unique shabbiness. Its front is battered and stained by rain and wind, till the knots in the planks stand out like so many ugly warts of monstrous size; and the frames of windows and door have long since sunken from the exactness given them by the carpenter's "spirit-level."

It is a miserable hovel, taken altogether, hardly tenable, and of skeleton-like appearance; yet over the door of many cracks and seams hangs a scarce legible sign—

"BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND REPAIRED."

To this uncouth establishment Dorsey Derrick conducted the negress and their captive.

Before the door he paused, and rapped loudly; and a voice on the outside answered with:

"Come in then, an' shtop the racket on me door, before ye thump a hole through t'."

They entered a room that was bare and dingy, with an atmosphere of leather and dirt.

At one side a stove was hot and red;

over the floor, whose planks tilted and groaned beneath the weight of the corners,

the usual litter of a shoemaker's shop—was strewn; and on a bench, by a crooked candle—with hammer and awl in hand, and the stump of an oil-soaked pipe in his mouth—sat a short, stout, red-faced man, with spectacles hung on his nose, and a bristling burlap on cheek and chin.

The eyes in the spectacles ogled and turned, and as his broad mouth twisted downward, at the corners, as he looked up at them.

"Hello, Connaught!" saluted Derrick, immediately, as he closed the door after him.

"Business is it?" "Av' ye a shoe to mend—"

"Bal! no! Get up—"

"Well, then, d'ye go on now, an' divil the bother a'm gittin' up when I've slikt the benth all day, till me legs is bent to the fit of it. Who the divil's that?—an' what the divil's that?"

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Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton's NEW STORY!

We shall commence, in our next issue,

MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES; OR, The Fateful Legacy.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECILY THE DECEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

A woman wearing an impenetrable mask to her true nature is seemingly cruel, harsh, and implacable—profusely liberal yet exacting and mean—shrewd and far-seeing yet hampering herself with difficulties—about whose very dress and jewels hang an air of mystery and a fate—such is Madame Durand, a compound of contradictions, a splendid intrigante, a heart of steel, and yet, a woman of amazing sense of right and capacity to accomplish great results.

This woman is the central figure of a drama which, from the first, holds the reader in its half-weird—half-flextile spell. But, with subtle discrimination, the author throws in, as foils and contrasts,

The stately, proud and pure Mirabel; The pliant, weak and treacherous Fay; The falsely-led maid, Millie; The honorable, courageous Erne Valere; The crafty, unprincipled Lucia; The faithful, loving North.

All really are the proteges of this strange woman, whose destinies she literally holds in her hand; and yet, of them all, she is ignorant of the intimate relations which they sustain to one another, and to the apparently merciless creature who rules them—a relation which not even the suspicious eyes of the Madame's old and faithful lawyer can fathom.

In using such material, Mrs. Burton has tasked a higher range of powers than serve to construct an ordinary novel; and by it she takes rank in the school wherein Wilkie Collins and George Eliot are types. That she has succeeded is but to say she has produced a splendid novel—one which must give the author name and fame with those who know what excellence in fiction is.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—Bernard C. G.—who also signs himself as "A Young Chemist"—asks us, "Is it true that diamonds actually have been artificially formed, and how?" We answer it is not true that charcoal has been melted, and until that is done a pure carbon diamond can not be produced artificially. Imitation gems have been made so closely resembling diamonds and other precious stones as to defy detection except by very careful examination and test. These made gems are sold at great prices. Professor Lipper, of Dresden, we are now told, prepared three thousand "casts" of diamonds, all of which have been sold as real gems. We can not give the actual process, although that is no secret, for M. Fontainieu, a member of the Academy of Sciences (Paris) has, in an elaborate paper, revealed the mode of producing a perfectly colorless crystal, which, by being colored any named shade can be converted into almost any required gem. Several German chemists have also revealed the "secret." It is stated, on good authority, that three-fourths of the diamonds now worn in this country are counterfeit stones—most of which have been sold for the real gem!

A lady, who evidently has not written much for the press, writes: "Will you, if I send a chapter or so of a short tale, read it over and take the trouble to write me and say what you think of it?" etc. No, dear Miss; we are just hard-hearted enough to say it emphatically. We are far too overburdened with office duties to write to every experimenter who wants a written opinion of his or her merits or demerits. Such a service is one no editor cares to render. It is a teacher's work—not an editor's. We read all MSS. sent in, and report them available or otherwise in the proper department of the paper, and can not write to authors individually. We say this now, for the twentieth time, and yet expect to have to say it as many times more, as there are so many people in this world who deem themselves always excepted from the action of a general rule—"good and necessary for others, perhaps; but, bless you, not intended for me!" It is intended particularly for you, nevertheless. Believe us, dear friends, solicitous to hear from us personally, and don't ask us to except any one.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

As a general thing, I think we are too eager to give our advice to others before weighing it enough to see if it be of the right kind. What is good advice to one may prove rather poor to another, and we've only to take a case to see if this is not true in many particulars.

Some poor girl, with scarcely enough means to keep her from starvation's door, and with no friends to aid her peculiarly or by counsel, writes for advice to the editor of a paper. This is the answer she

gets: "Above all things avoid extravagance, and practice the strictest economy."

Now, I saw that very answer in a paper lately, and I thought to myself such advice was more suitable to a spendthrift than to one who had a body and soul to keep together, and with only a few stray coppers to accomplish that feat.

Every day of our lives don't we see quoted the words, "Keep out of debt?" Yes we do, and to many that would be good advice; but there are certain very worthy individuals who can not help getting in debt, and if they are honorable in returning the money they borrow, I can't see where there is so much harm done, can you?

It may be a naughty thought of mine, when I am led to imagine that a good many of these personages who are so eager with their advice have a good deal of ready cash on hand which they don't desire to lend, hence their war-cry of "Keep out of debt."

You think the rich do not feel keenly enough the sufferings of the poor? "Tis not to be wondered at; how should they? They have enough for all their wants, real or imaginary. A few dollars seem so trifling to them, they can not see the benefit it would do others.

And don't you think our poorer neighbors are a little bit too reticent in making their situations known to those who can and would aid them? It can not be pleasant for one to expose his poverty; but how can help come to him unless others know that he needs it? Isn't it a bit of wrong pride to suffer for the necessities of life when others would only be too glad to furnish them, because you are too proud to let people know you are in straitened circumstances?

You must, in that case, feel hurt if your neighbors do not voluntarily come forward to your assistance. They won't feel like doing so; they will be afraid of hurting you.

I could never see why the lack of means should make a person less honored, and have less attention paid to him than one who is better off; but I have seen it, and it didn't put me in very good spirits either, and I've said some rather sharp things in consequence.

And I and are so peculiarly constituted that we can see as much merit in the person whose flour barrel has been empty for some time as in the one whose cells are full of the good things of this life, and we've come to the conclusion that it would be far more harmonious for the rich to give their money, *instead of their advice*, to the poor. You see, advice is all very good *in its way*, but it don't "feed the hungry" nor "clothe the naked" as money will, and that is exactly what is needed.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Useful Inventions.

The Whitehorn family have astonished the world by their inventions from the time a celebrated scion of the house invented a half-dollar so perfect that any one would take it—if he didn't think to bite it (that ancestor's services were afterward fully recognized by the Government), on down to my humble, but no less celebrated, self.

With permission of the reader I will call a few of my inventions from a late Patent Office report, which have brought me so much honor from my countrymen. I merely copy them as printed in the report.

One six-bladed, freestone-fronted, cushion-seated night-cap.

One kid-gloved, double-soled, fine-toothed, all-wool, ash hopper.

One slate-roofed, chronometer-balance, fleece-lined pair of tongs.

One marble-paved, whalebone-ribbed, patent-leather gridiron.

One gold-headed, double-tracked, full-jeweled, three-flounced wash-board.

One rose-colored, fine-stitched, hunting-case beam-pole; with brass buttons.

One frescoed, schooner-rigged, Russian handkerchief, with atlas.

One bomb-proof, clipper-built, double-breasted nutmeg-grater, with gas.

One alabaster Mansard-roofed and highly-perfumed fire-shovel, with double boilers.

One double-pointed, high-backed and patent-extension gallon-jug.

One freestone-capped, gingham, open-fronted barn-door button.

One brass-plated, porcelain-knobbed, finely-pulverized door-mat.

One case-hardened, raven-haired, cashmere pig-trough.

One silver-mounted, wide-brimmed, brooch-loading mop, brick.

One seven-story, gilt-framed, transparent hoe, with side pockets.

One steam-propelled, ready-reckoning hem-stitched hen-coop.

One six-shooting, morocco-bound and sugar-coated, reversible broom, with bath-room.

One Valenciennes sugar-cured and cream-laid step-ladder.

One eight-dayed, brass-eyeleted, three-decker egg-beater, with porcito.

One weather-boarded, full-toned, hydraulic cravat, double-breasted.

One cotton-wadded, ice-cold, low-crown ed cellar-door.

One cylindrical, three-masted, inflated fine-comb, with castors.

One ready-reckoning, light-trotting, turbine stove-pipe, with velvet facings.

One folding-cased, high-heeled, invigorating, cloth, cremona saw-buck.

One Prince Albert, four-horse power, hair-matted tooth-pick.

One patent-shutted, long-eared, gold-braided, granite slop-bucket.

One ingrafted, soft-voiced, open-faced tallow candle, finely fluted.

One extra-dyed, stone-walled, linen-frilled post-hole digger.

One six-keyed, patent-ventilated, self-sealing and elegantly overskirted pick-axe.

One corn-fed, four-wheeled, gold-rimmed gimlet.

One kiln-burnt, patent-lever plug hat, with freestone foundation.

One two-edged, gothic, copper-bottomed hat-rack.

One veneered, unadulterated, easy-blown meat-pounder, with skylight.

One marble-fountained, copper-distilled, non-commissioned flat-iron, with cellar.

One elegantly-stuccoed, three-pronged grindstone.

One extra-trotting, ivory-handled, three-prong fire-place.

But why proceed? I might continue the list until you would be forever lost in the magnitude of my inventions, which have helped so much in the amelioration of man-

kind and other people—you would not believe it, and I would not for the world fix a doubt in your minds.

My inventive genius was ever remarkable when I was a mere boy. My father used to observe that I had one of the most inventive minds of the age—I could invent more stories than any other boy of my age or opposite.

As soon as I invent perpetual motion it will add one more to the roll of my great achievements, as sure as you live; you may not think so, but it will.

Yet I am a meek, humble man, and eat vicuñas a good deal like other people, which you may be surprised to hear—public exhibition of the latter fact will be given at private houses on receipt of invitations.

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DROWNED.

BY J. G. M., JR.

"Drowned in the river,"
Passers-by said,
One summer's morning,
And three months wed!

Bright eyes of women
Look down on him:
One says, "He couldn't,
Poor fellow, swim!"

Shapely and handsome,
Face firm of mold!
Can caught him to him—
Say, "He not wed!"

Take is, say we him!
Death be defed!
For the young bride, who
Waits o'er the tide,

Fancy Future,
Dreaming such dreams;
Planning the wisest,
Motherly schemes!

Who, o'er the waters,
Waiting the news,
Would the sad mission
Willingly choose?

For tho' father, mother,
Brother will grieve,
None like the lone one
Death will bereave,

When from her dreams,
Sadly she wakes,
Nursing such sorrow
As the heart breaks.

Madelon.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

SHE was a flirt. Every one admitted that. They all united in vowing her heartless, passionless, ambitious, and the veriest siren who ever charmed with witching looks and soft-voiced words. It is true that they anathematized her, condemned her for possessing those peculiar graces which set her in a niche apart from all other women, yet all they allied by coming under the influence, and yielding heartfelt homage to embracing Madelon.

She pursued the even quiet of her way with no more apparent thought for the buzzing cluster of admirers in all stages of hope and despair, who scrambled and crowded each other in their endeavors to win her favor, than she had for the orange-striped, venom-tipped honey-bees that dived over the heavy sweets of the garden under her window. These men, who began with open eyes and the declaration that they would never trust their hearts to her unmerciful treatment, but let the glamour stand over by such imperceptible degrees, that they were stone blind or reckless of their own danger, waxed bitter enough, sometimes, to use the sting which was not enough to secure their immediate safety. Their tongues branded her as a coquette, while they went down upon their knees to beg a smile from her.

There was one among them all who proved himself a drone. He mingled in with the rest, but did not compete with them. He had to find a measure of strong common sense to imagine that she should care for him more than any other of all the throng. It may have been his very indifference which first made Madelon regard Roland King with keen interest.

After all, he was not so indifferent as she thought him. He was a man of acute discriminating powers, of delicate tact, and of stern pride, that had carried him straight on through some crooked and narrow passes in his way of life. She was a flirt. Every one said so; and he acknowledged it to himself, with an oppressive pain tugging at his heart, and some self-scorn in the masculine weakness which had led him, open-eyed, into the trap.

Madelon glanced at him, not furtively, as another woman would have done, but with clear, searching eyes, as she stood tapping her dainty high-heeled boot with her mallet while she waited her turn on the croquet ground. He leaned against a tree, at a little distance, idly watching the game. His face was presented to her in profile—a strong, but not a handsome face; dark to swarthiness; thin, long, and perfectly smooth. He turned, and the black lashes went up until his eyes flashed a single gleam of light full upon her. Those eyes were his grand redeeming feature. You had but to see them to know why women were always gracious to the dark, thin young man, whose rough tweed suit looked odd beside the broadcloth and white waistcoats which distinguished the other gentlemen. He did not wear tweed that day, however. His suit was duckcloth, coarse at that, but cool, with a fit which more than one envied; and his eyes were a deep, clear brown, with the flash and sparkle which one sees in wine stirring their depths. They were averted instantly, but not until he had seen a smile dawn upon her lips.

"It's no wonder that men go mad about that peerless creature," was the thought in his heart; but no expression of it reflected across the quiet repose of his features.

"How unapproachable he is," thought Madelon. Then, as she passed him, she paused to say:

"My stroke will either win or lose for our side, Mr. King. The rest will go in for lunch after that, but I've been too far up in the clouds all morning to come down to such terrestrial enjoyment. I want intangible sweets rather than cold chicken and sherbet. Will you climb the mountain with me, and sketch that picturesquely ravine, with a glimpse of the lake at its opening? I have wanted it for an age."

"And never told me," put in Nye, who affected the Claude Lorraine style, with but indifferent success, I am bound to add.

"I wanted to trust the matter in purely professional hands," she answered, frankly. "Oh, a business affair? Then I am willing to be excused. Have you bargained with King?"

"Not yet." She was annoyed at Nye's officious meddling. The hot blood beat like a flame into Roland King's cheeks, but he spoke quietly.

"I think I understand what Miss Wyatt means," and named his price in the same breath. He was determined she should not patronize him, and so settled the whole proceeding as a commonplace circumstance. Madelon went, in response to impatient calls for her, and Nye turned away with a soft whistle.

"Steep," he commented. "He will make his mark and his fortune too, at that rate. I think she hardly expected that. Can she afford it, I wonder?"

That was precisely what Madelon wondered, as she sat on a boulder far up the mountain side, with King at a little distance, sketching away as though his life depended upon it. Could she afford to go

on drinking in the new delight this man had somehow brought her, perhaps to have the cup dashed away, and the flavor changed to the bitter dearth of Dead Sea apples upon her lips?

He turned, dashed his hair back from his moist forehead with the quickness of gesture which characterized his earnest moments, and caught the speculative shadows drifting over her face.

"You look tired," he said, "but I am done at last."

"So soon? What an indefatigable worker you are! No wonder you stand aloof from the idlers down there."

He would put no construction upon her words but the plainest and hardest.

"Yes, I strive to economize time; which, after all, is the great saving of a life. I have to live close in every respect, you know; but I have spent a fair portion of time on this work."

He pointed to the sun, which was half-way down its afternoon course. She laughed, with a mellow intonation.

"I must have been day-dreaming. You are not responsible for the swiftness with which the hours have passed, for you have scarcely moved or spoken; but I believe I was thinking of you."

He merely bowed, on his guard that he should betray some of the fevered excitement which had been throbbing in his pulses—a passionate longing unrest, called up at having her so near him with all the deep feeling astir, but not the faith to open his heart to her.

"Will you look at the sketch?" he asked.

"It is perfect!" She hardly glanced at it; but he shut his portfolio with a nervous hand. He might have spared himself the tremor, for Madelon did not suspect there was a rough crayon of herself reposing side by side with the newly finished sketch.

She did not answer for a moment, clenching her hand, while a throe of disappointment ran through her like a discordant note in a symphony. She had not come here with the deliberate intention of making him speak; but she knew now that an unacknowledged hope had been brightening the day for her.

"I wish you would not make me feel that you are of other clay than we ordinary mortals," said she, wistfully.

"You ordinary" he broke in, for the moment moved from his calm constraint. "If I seek to remember the difference between it is because I am cowardly enough to distrust myself."

"But I am not afraid to trust you," putting out her quiet hand to touch his arm.

"Everybody acknowledges that you have extraordinary abilities, and— and—I scarcely know how to present the subject in an alluring light, but some friends of yours would like you to undertake a commission which will involve a year or two in Italy. They want the mellow finish of the old masters in this proposed work, and can fix upon no one so competent to undertake the whole tiresome business as yourself. I wish you could think of it favorably enough to accept the work."

She spoke hurriedly. With all her fine woman's instinct she blundered through this, and knew it when she saw that the sparkle in those strange eyes of his was like the glimmer of moonlight on the surface of a rippled lake. He waited to see that she was quite through, then spoke decisively.

"I thank you for your kind interest, Miss Wyatt, cloak it as you will. My wish has long rallied with the motive of your proposition, and I have been working steadily on toward my object. I have accumulated funds quite sufficient to carry me through Italy, and intend to start in another month."

"So soon!" cried Madelon. "Oh, I know you was meaning to have you paint my portrait. I suppose it will be impossible now."

For one second his pulses thrilled with wild rapture. To have this radiant creature all to himself for so many hours every day, to dwell upon her lines of perfect contour, to note her delicate coloring, her varying shades and moods, would be heaven while it should last. It would not last, and he felt that he could not master himself in the face of such temptation.

"Utterly impossible," he answered, and they went down the winding track, side by side, without another word upon the subject. In one place where the path skirted a ravine, there had been a landslide, and the shelving rocks stood bare and grim forth from the perpendicular descent.

The words of a song he had sung came up through her troubled mind, and, pausing dangerously near the edge, she sang a fragment softly:

"A sudden flash of golden hair,
Shot out athwart the heavy air,
The white white lips moved piteously—
My love was lost to earth and me."

The burden of the poem which he had fitted to a melody was of two proud hearts, loving each other but tortured by uncertainties, until the girl flung herself over a precipice, and her lover came out of his blind distrust to mourn her until death.

King's arm fell about her waist in a tense grasp as he drew her back, and when she was safe away from her perilous position, did not relax. Her eyes met his with passionate reproach and her hot lips quivered apart.

"Why is there not some such love in life? It would be almost worth dying for to prove it, for even one short moment."

Was this the coldly-brilliant girl they had called heartless, passionless? He did not stop to ask himself as his head drooped lower over her until his lips swooped down to meet hers, while an ecstatic wave swept away for the time the mist of misunderstanding, which was like a cloud between them. There is some happiness too deep for words, and too entrancingly sweet to remain broken. It would seem that theirs was of this kind.

They went the remainder of the way wordless, but with a sympathetic bond thrilling the blissful silence. The vine-covered porch was quite deserted, and they lingered there to take breath before facing the crowd they must encounter somewhere within. Their joy was like exhilarating wine to these spirits, so strong and self-reliant, but stirred to their depths like the upheaving of a restless tempest.

While they waited, Nye's voice came from somewhere near, sounding stormily defiant.

"We are all fools alike, I suppose. I am

determined to know the best or the worst—and, of course, it will be the worst. It's needless to tell me that, for what else can I expect. They say that she was the cause of Vernon shooting himself, and when the wound didn't prove fatal for all his worry

ing, he rushed away to the further corners of the globe to kill remembrances of her. But, for all that, I'm madly in love with Madelon Wyatt, and I'll put it in her hands this very night to decide my fate."

King turned to her, his face grown suddenly gray and hard, his eyes glittering.

"Vernon was once my dearest friend,"

said he, "I heard the story before, and thought I was proof against you. Yet I forgot it all; I grew to love you, Madelon, you asked me my love strong as death, can not exist. It is because we are tortured by such doubts as this. Can you clear your skirts of the imputation Vernon's misery points at?"

She did not attempt to avert her face, stormy with suppressed passion.

"The boon I hoped to win was a pure love—not one that distrusts and questions."

She swept away from him, with a haughty set upon her paling face, but the resolution she made there in her anger was not subjected to trial through an attempt at reconciliation by him.

"Ye gods! Where did you fall from, Vernon?" We thought you were in Egypt."

King, pacing the deck of a Hudson steamer, turned at this hearty exclamation from Nye, to face his friend of yore, heavily sun-brown, and happy-looking as man need hope to be. Warm greetings and multitudinous questionings were broken by Nye's exclaiming:

"Vernon, old fellow, have you got quite over that old *pendant* of yours? Because if you haven't, beautiful Madelon is Miss Wyatt still, and there are those who think she is wearing the willow for a cast-off love."

Vernon colored, and laughed pleasantly.

"No fear, I think. I hoped you had all forgotten that boyish madness of mine. Since my head has grown cooler, I can see that Madelon never encouraged my folly. Oblige me by letting that story rest; you see, Mrs. Vernon mightn't like it."

His wound was no deeper than that—he was married, and happy as he would have been with Madelon.

King clenched his teeth in a desperate grip, and set to work to bridge the break his distrust had caused. The trip to Italy was long deferred, but it was a wedding trip when it came about at last; and now Roland King declares that the inspiration which has led him straight up the path of success all comes through his wife Madelon.

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determined to know the best or the worst—and, of course, it will be the worst. It's needless to tell me that, for what else can I expect. They say that she was the cause of Vernon shooting himself, and when the wound didn't prove fatal for all his worry

"Were you brought here against your wishes?" she asked.

"Why should I be here?"

"Many girls come of their own free will," was the dry response.

"What sort of place am I in? What are all those girls who slept here?"

"Ballet-dancers."

Mabel fixed an incredulous look upon her companion's face, but soon saw that she had spoken in all seriousness.

"How strange," she murmured. "Why should I be detained among them?"

"I don't know; unless you, too, are going to be a dancer."

"No, no."

"Bless me if I can understand the case any better than you understand it yourself," was the half-insolent rejoinder. "Old Het only takes in girls who are to dance at one or the other of the theaters. Did you never dance?"

"Never."

"You'll find it ain't the easiest work in the world to learn, then. Handsome Hal wouldn't be hard on us girls if Old Het would let him alone. The old viper is soft on Hal, you must know, and won't permit any show of tenderness on his part."

"Well met," said a low, musical voice.

She turned with a start, and a half-suppressed cry of surprise. A man stood beside her, in the darkness.

"Is it you, Mr. Jocelyn?"

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"My dear Marcia," he said, after a minute's silence, "it was none of my business. I do not approve of meddling in another man's affairs."

The cool audacity of this reply secretly pleased Marcia. She recognized a kindred spirit in the man beside her—kindred in evil.

After lingering a few moments longer, she turned to retrace her steps to the house, conscious that she could do no good by remaining.

Belmont walked beside her. The two had nearly reached the east terrace when a dusky figure darted out of the shadow of some shrubbery and approached swiftly.

It was Mrs. Laudersdale. She had followed the others into the garden as soon as her strength would permit.

"You have brought Mr. Jocelyn back with you, Marcia," she said, in a feverish hurried tone of voice. "I am glad of that."

In the darkness she had mistaken Belmont for Philip.

"Not so," returned Marcia. "This is Mr. Belmont, mamma."

A low cry fell from the frightened woman's lips. "Where is Philip?" she gasped.

"Not with—"

She could say no more. Marcia leaned over her and told her what had happened in a few whispered words. She drew a deep breath of relief. Philip could scarcely overtake the carriage in which Mabel was being driven away, and if he did not, no very serious results were to be apprehended from the unfortunate meeting.

Calming her agitation, the guilty woman now had leisure to be curious concerning Marcia's companion. She very cleverly managed to lead the two across the lawn to a point fronting the drawing-room windows, where the light of the lamps within streamed full upon them.

By this aid she studied the face of Gilbert Belmont.

It was a dark, keen face, sensuous and passionate, and yet full of a certain subtle power. He was very elegant in his appearance, and the glance of his bold, black eye was piercing as that of a hawk.

His silk hat was in the highest possible state of polish. Real diamonds—as Mrs. Laudersdale felt assured, even in that uncertain light—sparkled in his shirt front and on his effeminately white hands.

While looking at him a shiver—a cold chill of indefinable dread—ran through every nerve of the wicked woman. She felt, somehow, as if his destiny always had been, and always would be, linked with her own in some mysterious manner.

"That man will bear studying," she said to herself, as she went slowly into the house. "I must manage to learn more of him, and at once. There is something about him that half-frightens me."

CHAPTER XII.

OLD HET TRIES HER POWER.

Three or four days elapsed, and beyond the mere fact of being detained against her will in Old Het's establishment, Mabel Trevor suffered no ill-treatment whatever.

The dancing-girls, with the single exception of Julia, fought shy of her. None of them understood the real circumstances under which she had been brought to that place, and, with the singular uncharitableness which women are wont to exercise toward their own sex, they placed the worst possible construction on her presence there.

On the whole, Mabel was not sorry for this. It saved her from being made the victim of idle questionings and vulgar curiosities.

Handsome Hal, for his own part, lost no opportunity of speaking a pleasant word to the poor girl. Her pretty face interested and attracted him. Had she been old and ugly—unless possessed of power like the shriveled mistress of the house—he would not have noticed her in any manner. But, since she was young and pretty, he determined, in spite of Bill's warning, to play the gallant gentleman.

One person, at least, was not slow to read his purpose. And that person was Old Het.

But, with the cunning of a serpent, the jealous harp kept the rage and fury she really felt hidden in her own breast during the first few days. However, the spite she had all along entertained for Mabel grew and strengthened every hour, and with the mean cowardice of an ignoble mind, she secretly determined that the hapless girl should be made to suffer for having won so high a place in Handsome Hal's good graces.

She was not long in hitting upon a means of gratifying her malicious hatred.

She determined that Mabel should be put through the same exercises as the other girls, knowing well how revolting any thing of the sort must be to her finer feelings.

Miles said as how she might be taught to dance "the bag" muttered to herself, with a chuckle of satisfaction, when she came to this decision. "And I'm bound to run to the end o' my rope with the hussy."

Hitherto, Mabel had been locked into a small side-chamber by herself while the practicing went on. The very next morning, instead of being led thither, as usual, she was conducted back to the dormitory by Old Het.

"It's high time you were making yourself useful, my pink and white lily," she said, crossly. "I've put up with your lazy, vagabond ways quite long enough."

"What can I do?" asked poor Mabel.

"You'll see, soon enough—yes, you'll see."

The grin that accompanied these words was actually diabolical.

And Mabel did "see," for she and Old Het had scarcely established themselves at one end of the dormitory before the ballet girls came filing into the apartment.

Their first work was to drag all the couches into one corner, where they were heaped up promiscuously, leaving the middle of the floor perfectly clear.

Then, from a small closet, was brought forth wands and poles, besides various other paraphernalia to be used in the hour of practice.

"Form!" shrieked Old Het, at this instant, in a voice that might have startled the dead into life.

The girls instantly whirled into a line, Julia taking her place at their head.

They had scarcely done this when Handsome Hal—or Monsieur Deville, as he was called on the flaming posters of the theater where he "tripped the light, fantastic toe"—entered the apartment.

He nodded familiarly to Old Het, favored Mabel with a bow and an excruciating smile, then devoted himself to his pupils.

The old woman watched the evolutions of the girls with an appreciative eye for some moments; but presently, her face became

gan to darken, and she turned suddenly to Mabel, saying, in a half-whisper:

"Now it is *your* turn."

The girl shuddered, but answered nothing.

"Patty," Old Het went on, addressing a pale-faced girl, about ten years of age, who was standing near, "bring me a string and the ball."

Patty seemed to comprehend the order very readily, for she hastened for the things required.

When they were brought, the virago shook Mabel rather roughly by the shoulder. "Now stand *abind* that board, my lady, with your back against the wall," she commanded.

The girl looked piteously at her persecutor, but did not stir.

"Do you hear?" roared the hag.

"Why am I to stand there?" Mabel asked, faintly.

"I ain't here to answer questions. Get *abind* of the board, I tell you! Don't you dare to resist me!"

At this instant Julia, who had kept her eye on the two all along, came sidling up to our heroine.

"Better do as she bids you," she whispered hurriedly. "It's of no use to hold out."

Mabel, with a faint moan, crept between the board and the wall.

"Now I'll mark time," grimed the virago, as she took the ball, to which the string had been attached, in her hand. "You are to bob up and down as I drop the ball. Ready. One curtsey, two curtsey, three curtsey."

This exercise, as the reader may know, is to give suppleness to the limbs, and, in professional phrase, is termed "turning the leg."

But Mabel did not know that it was not some degrading exhibition the female fury had invented for her especial disgrace. In consequence, she never stirred.

"You hussy," shrieked Old Het, "why don't you keep time?"

"I can not do what you wish," said Mabel.

"You mean that you won't, eh?"

There was no reply. The eyes of the tigress flashed fire. All the venomous hatred she felt for the girl made itself visible in their filmy depths. She shook her clenched fist in Mabel's face.

"We'll see, you sulky vixen, whether you or I is the mistress in this 'ere house," she hissed, venomously.

She stalked to the closet door, and came back with a whip in her hand. Having forced Mabel to her knees, she raised the whip over her head.

"Don't strike me! For the love of Heaven, do not strike me," implored the helpless girl.

"I'd like to kill you," roared Old Het.

The lash cut through the air, and descended with cruel force upon Mabel's ivory shoulders.

A single shrill scream issued from her lips; but it brought Handsome Hal dashing up from the other end of the apartment.

"Hang it, woman, what do you mean?" he yelled, wrenching the whip from Old Het's hand ere it could descend a second time.

"The vixen is stubborn," was the muttered answer. "Stand out o' the way. I won't have no meddlin' between me and my own gals!"

She fairly foamed with fury; but Hal's viselike grip on her arm did not relax.

"You shan't lay a finger on that girl," he cried. "You know me, Old Het, and I say you shan't! Compose yourself, you she-devil, or it may be the worse for you."

Such words coming from Handsome Hal quieted her as nothing else could have done. In a certain way she feared him; or rather, perhaps, she feared to lose his favor. But there was no diminution of hatred and vindictive fury in the look she fixed upon poor Mabel's shrinking figure.

"I can't stand the hussy's nonsense," she muttered. "It ought to be beat out o' her. Let me go at her again."

"But I say no!"

At that she threw down the whip. "I can't resist you, my Apollo," she whimpered, pretending to have experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. "What you tells me to do that I does. If you were to tell me to turn 'em identical gal into the street I'd do it. For your sake that whimperin' beauty shall go soft free for to-day."

"Thank you," said Hal, coolly.

Mabel was crouching on the floor. Obedying the glance Hal gave her, Julia now came forward and raised her to her feet.

"You'd better be off while that old Jezebel is in the mood to let you go," the dancing-girl whispered.

Mabel moved toward the door of the side-chamber she had occupied on other occasions, supported by Julia. "Does—does—that creature often use the whip?" she asked, shuddering violently.

"Not often. But she is out of humor to-day."

"Would that I were out of this terrible place."

Julia pressed her hand. "Don't give up all hope, Miss," she said, just above her breath. "Something may be done even yet."

Old Het, meanwhile, was trying to re-establish herself in Handsome Hal's good graces. Her singular infatuation for the good-looking scamp would not permit her to suffer matters to go on as they were.

"I'm sorry for what happened, my beauty," she whined. "But the jade vexed me past all endurance. There was no bearin' with her."

"Humph!"

The woman laid both her huge hands on her shoulders, and looked him steadily in the face.

"Hal," she said, sharply, "you're gettin' uncommon fond o' that gal. Don't you s'pose I can see it? You're half in love with her?"

"It's no such thing," he muttered. "But I can't bear to see her abused. That's the long and the short of the whole matter."

He was far from being convinced that this was the case, however. But Hal hurried back to his task of instructing the girls in the last new sensation of the boards, and so the conversation ended.

"If he thinks I'm done with that vixen, he's mistaken," the virago said to herself, the instant Hal's back was turned. "I was a fool for bringin' her under this roof, and wish she was well away from it providin' the money would be mine all the same. But I'll take her down a peg or two—now see if I don't!"

The threat was not uttered aloud; but the infamous creature intended to put it into execution all the same.

That night, after the last of the ballet-

girls had returned from the theater, and while poor Mabel lay sobbing, as if her heart would break, in her little bed in the dormitory; a warm breath suddenly fanned her cheek, and two loving arms encircled her neck.

"Hush!" whispered a scarcely audible voice. "It is I—Julia. Don't make a loud noise. I've come to help you."

"What can you do?" asked Mabel.

"There's a key to the dormitory. You would call a 'stunner'?" There's a peacock, with spread feathers, a vase of autumn flowers, a bouquet, tied with orange ribbon, and a groundhog supposed to resemble clouds at sunset, I suppose."

"There isn't that what Lu and Rolfe

would call a 'stunner'?"

"What'll he say? Be convinced at last that it isn't the *cheap* fashions he fancies would so become us women-folks, if we only were courageous enough to wear them. He will be glad to acknowledge our taste superior to his—and when he sees you in that 'Dolly Varden' I'll warrant he'll beg you to exchange it for—well, maybe an engagement ring."

"I know it, sir," said Everard, in a low tone; "but—but—"

"But what, sir?" asked the General.

"Come, out with it. Do you want to be on active service?"

"I was, sir, when to be with me was a guarantee of active service."

"Indeed you have nothing to say about it. Here, I am going to fit this pattern to you."

"Florence Greenword is coming to tea. I thought you might like to know."

"Essa Carlington spoke very unconcernedly as Lu sauntered through the half-darkened parlor.

"Is she? Heavens, Essa, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"I stopped abruptly in front of her; the surprised question on his lips.

"Why, nothing. What's the matter?"

"Essa glanced innocently up from her SATURDAY JOURNAL."

"The master! Why, that heathenish-looking dress you have on—like those old-fashioned bed curtains of grandma Moulton's."

"Heathenish?" I really think, Louis, you are more expressive than elegant. My beautiful Dolly Varden heathenish—oh-h!"

There was the most genuine indignation in her voice, as she looked at him.

"I stopped abruptly in front of her; the surprised question on his lips.

"I could not guess, I'm sure."

"He thinks my elegant new Dolly Varden is heathenish—heathenish, Flo, and you know it's all the style, and so cheap, too, and so very economical, as I can wear it over all my skirts. I suppose, Flo, you spend more on cigars and hot-house flowers than would clothe an Heathenish, too?"

It was an astonishing how Essa carried her own; it was amusing to see the look of utter credulosity on Lu's face as he scanned the two gaudy garments. Then, when Essa so vehemently insisted upon the "cheapness" and "style" of their attire, a merry little twinkling came to his eyes.

"Essa, in the library, on the table is the last number of your magazine. Will you bring it? I want Miss Greenword to see it."

And discreet Essa very accommodatingly complied with Lu's request.

Then, the moment the door closed on Essa, he walked straight over to Flo, and impeded both her hands in his.

"Look in my eyes, Flo, will you? I was a fool, and I think you know it. But now, with my sole happiness literally in my hands, I am not such an idiot as to let it go."

"As if I am bound to tell you what Flo says or thinks about you, Mr. Conceit. I can tell you one thing, though; she admires Rolfe Warrenton more than any gentleman we know in—"

Now, pretty, defiant Essa shot him a glance that would have annihil

he dared not, could not, speak. The same honor that held him faithful to his parole in Sheshequin must seal his lips as to her actions, no matter what they were, for he had promised her that.

He stood at the window, thoughtfully gazing down the stately avenue of elms, when a splendid carriage, drawn by four black horses drove up to the door and halted in the shade of the trees.

"Whose carriage is that, sergeant?" he asked.

"The General's, sir."

Everard started. The General's carriage! And he knew him to be poor, comparatively speaking. How could he keep such an expensive equipage, far richer than that of the Commander-in-chief?

He had no time to think much, however, for he heard the halting gait of his superior on the stairs, and hastened out to help him down. They entered the carriage, and were driven rapidly into Arch street, and thence up toward the very house in which Everard had first seen Charlotte Lacy. As they went along, the boy noticed that many black looks came from the people on the sidewalks, directed toward them, and in one place Everard heard a faint hiss. The General heard it too, and a furious flush crossed his stern face, as he turned his eyes, glaring savagely, on the man who had given utterance to it.

"The low-bred curs!" he ground out from between his teeth, with fierce emphasis. "Who would serve a republic, Everard?"

The lad felt as angry as his commander, for he sympathized with him devoutly.

"Never mind the fellow, General," he said, soothingly. "You can afford to despise fellows like him. The good men of this country love and respect you."

The General frowned impatiently.

"The good men? Where are they? Not in Congress, where they denied me my just rank, till I forced it from them, by deeds even my enemies could not deny. Bah! Let it go, Everard. I'll try to forget these crawling reptiles. Here we are at our destination."

Everard looked up. He was before the Lacy House. He would be obliged to enter it as a stranger, and disclaim all past knowledge of its owner. But would his father be there?—and if so, how should he treat him?

Before he had solved the difficulty, the servant had knocked at the door, and Everard found himself helping his commander up the steps of the same house where he had first been so sorely tempted from his duty to Marian by the blue eyes of Charlotte Lacy. The door was opened as he was still troubling his head about his course, and the servant ushered them in, bowing low before the stately figure of the General.

While the door was still open, Everard heard a derisive yell from the street behind him, and the sound of a loud, coarse voice shouting:

"Curse all Tories!"

He cast a quick glance behind him, and caught sight of a peddler, with his pack on his back, standing on the sidewalk, pointing jeeringly at him. The next moment the footman slammed the door vindictively; and the General, pretending not to notice anything, stumbled up-stairs, and preceded Everard into the magnificient saloon, where he had first met Charlotte. It looked just the same as ever, but instead of Miss Lacy alone, there was quite a bevy of beautiful young ladies, all of whom advanced to greet the General as if he were an old friend.

Everard waited modestly to be introduced. He had not seen Charlotte since he left her in the Glen of Sheshequin, but she had reached Philadelphia before him. He was curious to see how she would behave.

In a few moments the General presented him, with much kindness, saying:

"Young ladies, this is my favorite aide-camp. Mr. Barbour, my brilliant young friend. He has just returned from the tender mercies of your red friends who burnt Wyoming, having escaped from them unharmed, as you see; how, I never inquired. Miss Lacy, will you not take him into your friendship for my sake?"

"For your sake I would do much," replied the sweet voice of Miss Lacy. "I think, however, we can welcome a gay young gentleman like him, for his own. Mr. Barbour, my dear friend, Miss Maggie Sheshequin, whom you have doubtless heard of at head-quarters."

Everard bowed low before a dark, stately young beauty, whom he knew as the promised bride of his General. Charlotte Lacy's manner was perfectly unconscious, as if she had never seen him before, but exceedingly cordial. He was presented in turn to the other young ladies, whose names he recognized as belonging to well-known Tory families in all cases. The conversation at once became all cases, and political.

Everard found himself in the midst of a violent Tory faction, and heard the patriots and their commander held up to unmerciful ridicule by all, while his General made but feeble efforts to defend them, contenting himself with laughing at the sallies of wit.

The young officer felt uncomfortable and unhappy. He tried to speak, and was met by so many adversaries that he was driven to silence. It was Charlotte Lacy herself who came to his rescue, saying:

"Girls, girls, you forget that Mr. Barbour is not used to our jokes, like the General, who pretends to side with us, only to draw us out. You'll find yourselves all arrested some fine morning, by this same General, and you may want an intercessor. Positively I'm going to carry off Mr. Barbour, he looks so uncomfortable, and you can all talk treason together then. Come, Mr. Barbour, let us take a walk to the greenhouse, and leave them."

The response was a shower of raillery from her friends, for "turning rebel lover," but she only laughed in answer, and carried off Everard in triumph.

"Everard," she said, in a low tone, when they were in the conservatory and out of hearing of the gay group in the parlor, "you should not have come here."

"I could not help it," he said. "The General ordered me. Oh, Miss Lacy, what does it mean, these ladies talking treason in this manner? I can understand his listening to it, for he doubtless wishes to draw out intelligence from your side, to help our cause; but they will surely repent their temerity some day."

"Perhaps," she said, with an enigmatic smile. "You think that your General is the soul of honor, Everard?"

"Of course," he answered. "Have not I seen him in the field? I should not be with him if I believed he consented to this treason in earnest."

"You are right," she said; "you should not. Everard, you have kept faith with me, and I have tried you sorely. I will not seek to draw you into dishonor. Return to your quarters now. I will make your excuses. You must not be drawn into the atmosphere that surrounds them. I will not allow it."

"Miss Lacy," said Everard, imploringly: "you are so beautiful and powerful that you can do anything. I know that you must be trying to draw the General into treason. Promise me that you will leave him alone, if you have any regard for me. He has many enemies here. He can not afford to have his name mixed up in Tory plots."

She smiled faintly in answer.

"You are wrong, Everard. I have not sought to entrap him. He—but never mind—you ought not to be here, dear. We must find a way to send you away before long. Leave it to me. Go now, and when you hear me spoken ill of, Everard, remember that I left you free when you asked me, and saved you when you were in my power."

She motioned him away when she finished, and the young officer left the house by the back gate of the garden, in obedience to her gesture directing him there.

When he came out in Race street, on which it opened, he saw the same peddler who had been so offensive at the front door, sitting under the shelter of a fence, sunning himself. The street was almost a country lane in those days, and there was no one else in sight.

To his surprise the peddler rose and came toward him as he started for his quarters, following him with clamorous petitions to buy.

"You get no custom from me," said Everard, indignantly. "Did you not insult my commander and myself not twenty minutes ago? Begone, sirrah, if you don't want a taste of this cane!"

"Who cares for your cane, anyhow?" said the peddler, squaring himself defiantly in front of Everard. "You're nothing but a Tory, anyway, for all your fine uniform. Don't I know who lives in that house? You and your General ought to be turned out, for associating with a pack of Tories like Mag Sheshequin and Lot Lacy."

With an angry exclamation, Everard rushed at the insolent one, his cane uplifted. It fell from his grasp, unused, as he heard the voice of his own father from the distance, saying:

"That'll do, Everard. We've played this farce long enough. We're both in the same boat now."

CHAPTER XXII.

SPIES IN CAMP.

WHAT do you mean?" asked Everard, the next moment, "by being in the same boat, sir? I am no Tory."

"Bah! tell that to the marines," said his father, scornfully. "No more am I, for that matter. Don't I cry 'down with all Tories' as well as the best patriot of them all?"

"It suits my purpose better, sir; and so do you, as you are. I tell you what, Everard, you might make a pile of money, if you only knew how to do it. And I can show you the way, sir. It's only to find out a few things about your General, and I'll promise you good pay for it, better than you'll get at a beggarly continental."

"Be kind enough to cease, sir," said Everard, coldly. "I have no desire to spy. It is enough to have you in that capacity. Let me pass home."

"Spy, sir! How dare you call me any such name? Can not a man belong to the secret service of his majesty without being called a spy? You were not too proud to do so, as you are. I tell you what, Everard, you might make a pile of money, if you only knew how to do it. And I can show you the way, sir. It's only to find out a few things about your General, and I'll promise you good pay for it, better than you'll get at a beggarly continental."

"General, I'll tell you," said poor Everard. "You were quartered at Mr. Neilson's house, near Stillwater, and therefore you know her."

And then out came the story of having heard the news of Marian's marriage, and of all the boy's misery. The General asked no questions about whence the information came. He listened attentively and not unkindly to the story, and at the conclusion said, gravely:

"Lad, it is true. You need not go to see."

"But how do you know, General?" asked Everard, doubting.

"I have it from the best authority," said the General, slowly, "a spy of ours, who has just returned from the Indian country, and seen the bridal feast. You need not doubt it, for I know it. You can not have the leave, Mr. Barbour, because it would be useless, and would prejudice the public service. I'm sorry for you, lad, but remember, there are plenty of other women left. Here, I'm going out this evening, come with me."

"Pardon me, General," said Everard, sadly; "unless you order it, I do not wish to go. I have received a blow, and need occupation and work to direct my mind to that's all."

"Very good," said the General, kindly. "Take these papers into your room, then, and copy them. That will give you something to do. Here they are. Two reports of the garrison and district, and this letter to General Washington. Have them ready by eleven o'clock."

Everard took the papers, bowed low and with a sneer, unheeding his words, "to let the prize escape from your very grasp! Why, boy, you might have married Miss Lacy and been a rich man ere this, if you had chosen. The very servants could see that she was infatuated with you. And you need not be engaged to that low-bred baggage, Moll Neilson. Bah! you're a fool, and deserve what you'll get."

Here Everard, beside himself with vexation, brushed past his father, and started for his quarters. The indigent old man stuck to him and followed him, talking all the way.

"Yes. Deserve what you'll soon get. Do you think Madame Montour is the woman to let her adopted daughter be carried away without getting her again? She's been captured and brought back, fool. Ay, and she has found consolation for your loss in the *lodge of Black Eagle*. These girls are romantic, and Black Eagle's a handsome fellow. Moll Neilson might do worse than become a chief's wife—hey, sir?"

Everard involuntarily stopped, when he heard these words. They touched him in a tender spot. He turned round and faced his father.

"What do you mean, sir?" he said. "Do you think to fool me with a tale like that, when I know Marian is home at her father's?"

John Barbour laughed.

"Ah! then you did not know why Queen Esther left the village, did you? Your friend Murphy wasn't sharp enough to find it out, neither! Oh! I know all about it, Everard. You may as well stop trying to fool your father, sir. I tell you she is married to Black Eagle. The fool demanded the services of a priest, and Queen Esther sent for one from Niagara, on purpose to satisfy her. You don't believe it. You'll find it true, full soon."

And John Barbour turned away, having said all he wished to. But this time it was Everard who followed him. He was pale with excitement.

"Sir," he said, half-gasping in his eagerness, "prove what you have said, and I'll believe you, but not without. No, sir, not without."

"Oh! it needs no proof," said his father, carelessly. "You'll find it true, when you go home, thinking to claim a blushing bride. I can't waste time on a fellow like you, who lets a queen fish slip to hook a

minnow, and loses the very minnow. Good-day, sir."

And John Barbour stalked off, forgetting for the nonce his assumed character of the peddler. Everard stood hesitating a moment, and then turned and made his way to his quarters, with drooping head. Was this true, could it be true? His father, evidently belonged to the spy corps which controlled the tribes of the Genesee valley, and of the power of the female chief of that corps he had seen the proofs: John Barbour knew all about his connection with her, and might not this news he brought be true also? Everard had been brought up to think his father an honorable man, at all events till the war had broken out.

"Miss Lacy," said Everard, imploringly: "you are so beautiful and powerful that you can do anything. I know that you must be trying to draw the General into treason. Promise me that you will leave him alone, if you have any regard for me. He has many enemies here. He can not afford to have his name mixed up in Tory plots."

She smiled faintly in answer.

"You are wrong, Everard. I have not sought to entrap him. He—but never mind—you ought not to be here, dear. We must find a way to send you away before long. Leave it to me. Go now, and when you hear me spoken ill of, Everard, remember that I left you free when you asked me, and saved you when you were in my power."

She motioned him away when she finished, and the young officer left the house by the back gate of the garden, in obedience to her gesture directing him there.

When he came out in Race street, on which it opened, he saw the same peddler who had been so offensive at the front door, sitting under the shelter of a fence, sunning himself. The street was almost a country lane in those days, and there was no one else in sight.

"You are right," she said; "you should not. Everard, you have kept faith with me, and I have tried you sorely. I will not seek to draw you into dishonor. Return to your quarters now. I will make your excuses. You must not be drawn into the atmosphere that surrounds them. I will not allow it."

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"Miss Lacy," said Everard, imploringly: "you are so beautiful and powerful that you can do anything. I know that you must be trying to draw

THE SHIP UPON THE SAND.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

In childhood's days, in childhood's days,
When birds were mating on the trees,
When flowers bloomed on the hillsides,
When nature woke from winter's rest,
And swallows crossed the heaving deep,
To see once more the dear old nest,
My roving heart did pant and leap,
And the birds did sing the birds,
The swallows fled to when the snow
And frost had bound our fields in bands;
And then, with little cousin Flo,
I dreamed a dream of sailing free,
Or said the sea was soft and blue;
And little Flo, in our last talk,
Drew, pictured on the garden walk,
A ship upon the sand.

The time came on when I was gone,
To sail upon the swelling wave,
When under the Equator's sun
I saw a sailor's ocean grave—
When, rising from the scorching south,
A cloud no man can baffle,
As from a furnace mouth,
Showed that we neared the typhoon land—
When frightened gulls were driven fast
By tempests, and we knew not whether
Our ship would stand the blast
That whirled her on like a feather,
I never yet forgot that talk.

When we sat hand in hand,
And Flo drew on the garden walk
That ship upon the sand.

In storm and tempest still that vexed
Floated before me like a dream!
My little maiden's childish grace
Danced in every way that beam,
I heard her voice in crowded streets,
I saw her eyes in every star,
The doves on Eastern minarets
Coos with her voice, away so far!
Wherever fortune bore our bark,
I never heard that little voice
I longed for light or bright or dark.
My heart remained forever hers.

Beneath old England's cliffs of chalk
The magnates of our native land
Had said no word of him to talk,
And pictured on the garden walk,
The ship upon the sand.

The years pass by. How quick they fly!
How slow they crawled when we were
young!

We sailed for home. How glad was I
To see that home that I had flung
Away in haste, and grieved for now!
As I sailed for home, I said to myself,
Once more upon the lambred bow
That well-remembered coastline bursts.

The pilot's hall, the cheery call,
That tells the crew of land aye,
The scents of native clime all
Spoke nothing but my home to me.

And oh! I mind so well that talk
When, we two hand in hand,
She drew upon the garden walk
The ship upon the sand.

Once more I see the old elm tree
That shades the cottage of my birth:
Once more I tread so reverently
The dear old spot of earth.

A mat in the pride of life,
Comes tripping down the path alone;

Those eyes that speak of love and truth
Are cousin Flo's, a woman grown!

The mat in the pride of life
That well-remembered coastline bursts.

And England's cliffs of chalk,
Is little Flo, whose tiny hand
Once drew the pictured ship of sand
Upon the garden walk.

Moheno: Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,

(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

VI.—First Shot at an Indian.—Hare Indians.—Cold Weather.—Evengry Times.—A Frozen Nose.—Horse Meat.—Comforting a Mourner.—Deer Hunting.—"Good Injun Me."—How it Feels to be Scalped.—A Scalp-dance.—Cheyenne Eloquence.—An Original Temperance Lecture.—A Pint of Whisky.—The Profits on a Barrel of Five Water.—Cause of Indian Wars.—Indian Civil Customs.

SOME of my readers will undoubtedly be surprised, and perhaps call me a cruel monster for speaking of the Indians who have been so unfortunate as to have made themselves a target for my skill; but they will please bear in mind that "circumstances alter cases."

My first shot at an Indian was made under circumstances which would have vexed a better-natured man than myself. It was in the country of the Hare Indians, to the north-east of Great Slave Lake. It had been snowing almost incessantly for nearly two weeks, finally clearing off, giving place to the most bitter cold weather I ever experienced. I had plenty of wood and was in no particular danger of freezing so long as I kept my fire blazing; though, as I afterward learned, over a hundred Indians, principally squaws and children, froze to death during this cold snap. To add to the uncomfortable situation of the situation, my stock of horse-meat had run out, and I awoke one morning without a morsel to eat. I stood it very well that day, but the following morning I began to feel a little gaunt about the belt. I always noticed that the less a man had to eat, the more hungry he became; and have heard housekeepers say that they never knew the bread to go so fast as when the flour barrel was nearly empty.

In speaking of horse-meat, I do not wish the reader to infer that it was my staple article of diet. It was furnished by the Company, and I soon grew to like it; but to a man not accustomed to this kind of meat, it would not be likely to prove a very tempting dinner. But let him feel the pangs of hunger, and his ideas of what is nice and proper to eat will undergo a rapid change.

In relating some of my own experience, I have heard my friends remark that they would starve to death before they would eat any of the different articles of food in which I have often indulged. I know that there are no more fastidious people in the world than there were in my New England home, and none more fastidious than myself. Before I went out into the world, but the trappers of the Far West who wander thousands of miles over barren plains, where game could not exist, are compelled to submit to all kinds of vicissitudes; but with buoyant spirits they conquer results which a faint heart and yielding courage would behold almost in their grasp, but fail to reach.

An emergency may call forth all his skill, and in a wild and unexplored country where every living thing suddenly disappears, it is then that the wits of the trapper save his life when an ordinary traveler would lie down and die. At this time it is difficult for me to imagine the transition from one of the most aristocratic boards in Portland, to roast skunk in the wilderness of the North-west. Such, nevertheless, has been my fortune.

I dressed myself as warmly as possible, donned my snow-shoes, and taking my gun, started out for something to eat. I had not gone more than four rods before my nose was frozen stiff. As quickly as possible I returned to my fire, and until the next morning nursed my frozen nose. I had drawn the frost by a liberal application of

snow, but it did not keep it from assuming a shape neither Grecian nor Roman.

Fortunately the weather moderated, and when I again started out, it was with no fears of freezing. Not far from the hut I met two Indians, brothers, who were coming to me for meat, and hungry-looking fellows they were, too; but I did not pity them very much, as they were proverbially lazy, and had only themselves to provide for. I told them I had none, and advised them to hunt for themselves awhile and not be begging.

At that time snow-shoes were a novelty to me, and I could not make very good speed. However, I struck into the woods, knowing that I must depend upon my own exertions for something to eat. After I had gone nearly a mile without seeing any living thing, I started up a fine buck. I shot at him, but an intervening twig must have turned my bullet, for I only succeeded in wounding him. I started in pursuit of him, loading as I went, and could see by the blood on the snow that he was bleeding freely.

He ran obliquely to the left instead of going straight from me, so that for a few minutes I gained on him; besides the soft snow took him to the body at every jump. The size of the scalp, as usually taken by the Indians, varies. Sometimes they remove only the back covering of the head. At others they cut off the whole, running down even with the margin of the ear. When a man has died in a manner which the Indians style as "brave"—that is, desperately fighting for his life, and never once showing fear—they take two scalps, one from either side of the head. The object of this is to have scalp-dances for each, as they consider such a man deserving the fate of two ordinary men. These scalps are often stretched, dried, decorated, and frequently kept for years as trophies. The more scalps a warrior takes the greater favorite he becomes with his tribe; and, finally, having obtained a given number, he is eligible to fill the office of War Chief, provided he has other qualifications, such as the power of quickly conceiving the right plan on which to act in case of emergency.

When a party of Indians in the Rocky Mountains have been on a war-trail, met the enemy and vanquished them, they appoint a brave who is honored as being the scalp-bearer. This warrior carries a long pole, to which, at suitable distances from each other, the scalps are attached. When the party returns to and enters their own village, this brave is the observed of all observers. Eagerly, by the old men, women, and children, these bloody trophies are counted, for each of them offers an occasion for rejoicing, to be at separate intervals of

time the disputed question by fighting. After preparing for the combat, Porcupine Bear said:

"Cheyennes, look at me, and listen well to my words. I am now about to fight my brother: I shall fight him, and shall kill him if I can. In doing this, I do not fight my brother, but I fight the greatest enemy of my people. Once we were a great and powerful nation; our hearts were proud, and our arms were strong. But a few winters ago all other tribes feared us; now the Pawnees dare to cross our hunting-grounds, and kill our buffalo. Once we could beat the Crows, and, unaided, destroy their villages; now we call other villages to our assistance, and we can not defend ourselves from the assaults of the enemy. How is this, Cheyennes? The Crows drink no whisky. The earnings of their hunters and toils of their women are bartered to the white man for arms and ammunition. This keeps them powerful and dreaded by their enemies. We kill buffalo by the thousand; our women's hands are sore with dressing robes; and what do we part with them to the white trader for? We pay them for the white man's fire-water, which turns our brains upside down, which makes our hearts black, and renders our arms weak. It takes away our warriors' skill, and makes them shoot wrong in battle. Our enemies, who drink no whisky, when they shoot, always kill their foes. We have no ammunition to encounter our foes, and we have become dogs, which have nothing but their teeth. Our prairies were once covered with horses as the trees are covered with leaves. Where are they now? Ask the Crows, who drink no whisky. When we are all drunk, they come and take them from before our eyes; our legs are helpless, and we can not follow them. We are only fearful to our women, who take up their children and conceal themselves among the rocks, and in the forest, for we are wolves in our lodges; we growl at them like bears when they are famishing. Our children are now sick, and our women are weak with watching. Let us not scare them away from our lodges, with their sick children in their arms. The Great Spirit will be offended at it."

When a party of Indians in the Rocky Mountains have been on a war-trail, met the enemy and vanquished them, they appoint a brave who is honored as being the scalp-bearer. This warrior carries a long pole, to which, at suitable distances from each other, the scalps are attached. When the party returns to and enters their own village, this brave is the observed of all observers. Eagerly, by the old men, women, and children, these bloody trophies are counted, for each of them offers an occasion for rejoicing, to be at separate intervals of

time the disputed question by fighting. After preparing for the combat, Porcupine Bear said:

"Cheyennes, look at me, and listen well to my words. I am now about to fight my brother: I shall fight him, and shall kill him if I can. In doing this, I do not fight my brother, but I fight the greatest enemy of my people. Once we were a great and powerful nation; our hearts were proud, and our arms were strong. But a few winters ago all other tribes feared us; now the Pawnees dare to cross our hunting-grounds, and kill our buffalo. Once we could beat the Crows, and, unaided, destroy their villages; now we call other villages to our assistance, and we can not defend ourselves from the assaults of the enemy. How is this, Cheyennes? The Crows drink no whisky. The earnings of their hunters and toils of their women are bartered to the white man for arms and ammunition. This keeps them powerful and dreaded by their enemies. We kill buffalo by the thousand; our women's hands are sore with dressing robes; and what do we part with them to the white trader for? We pay them for the white man's fire-water, which turns our brains upside down, which makes our hearts black, and renders our arms weak. It takes away our warriors' skill, and makes them shoot wrong in battle. Our enemies, who drink no whisky, when they shoot, always kill their foes. We have no ammunition to encounter our foes, and we have become dogs, which have nothing but their teeth. Our prairies were once covered with horses as the trees are covered with leaves. Where are they now? Ask the Crows, who drink no whisky. When we are all drunk, they come and take them from before our eyes; our legs are helpless, and we can not follow them. We are only fearful to our women, who take up their children and conceal themselves among the rocks, and in the forest, for we are wolves in our lodges; we growl at them like bears when they are famishing. Our children are now sick, and our women are weak with watching. Let us not scare them away from our lodges, with their sick children in their arms. The Great Spirit will be offended at it."

Such a thing as a mob is never known among the Indians. If an Indian has another mounted behind him, no one attempts to molest the stranger, even though he be of another tribe, and an inveterate enemy; the supposition is that he has taken him prisoner, and is conducting him to headquarters. While thus placed, the Indian having him in charge is responsible for his safekeeping with his life; if he fails to protect him, himself and all his relations are forever disgraced; an outrage upon the prisoner is construed into cowardice on the part of the custodian. Prisoners are always safe while in custody in the village; the responsibility then rests with the chief.

This is Indian morals.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

Beat Time's Notes.

LAST night was the darkest night you ever saw; in truth it was so dark you couldn't see it at all. You couldn't find the gas lamps. I got lost and had to hunt around half an hour to find myself. If you were out in the darkness for a minute, you would get black. It was so dark that I couldn't tell how old I was, nor feel the nose on my face, and it was entirely too dark to talk—no one had any need to be told to keep dark. The owls and bats went round begging people to direct them to where they lodged, although they wore extra night-glasses, and Time was at a stand because it had lost the road.

I WILL give a year's scholarship in the State Reform School for the biggest lie that will be sent to me before Christmas next. It must be strong enough to blister at the touch, over sixteen feet square, and slick enough to go down most people's throats. I want something of the most imposing architectural proportions. No auctioneers need apply. Whatever you do, do your best. I don't think there are enough Wash Georgians running about now days with their little hatchets to interfere materially with this enterprise.

I HUNT with a gun which was made according to Gunter. It has two rain barrels, patent telegraph stock, carpenter's hammer, front-door locks, and a breech that was made in Fort Sumter. I load it with face-powder and white lead balls, and use cushion fur caps. It has a regular patent office report and brings every thing down in the woods—to see what is the matter. It is a long range gun—it ranges a long way from the mark.

I WAS educated in all the high branches, hydraulics, hydraulin, hypocrisy, etc. I filled myself with philosophy and fibbers; dived into meteorology and sarsparilla; studied oratory and animosity, and eccentricity, aristocracy and superficiality, including the higher branches of peach, birch and hickory; and when I left school the master said no scholar was as full as I was—indeed he said I was the biggest full he ever saw.

The barber that shaved me last, once shaved a dead man; the dead man raised up deliberately, and said, "My friend, won't you please shave me with the back of the razor?" I can't stand that, and laid down again, deadier than ever.

I HAVE a very vivid imagination. Sometimes I imagine that all my debts are paid and never know any better—or any worse until my creditors take the unnecessary trouble of bringing the fact to my mind.

You should never tell a lie. If I did such a thing I'd almost be ashamed of myself. I don't pay unless you understand it thoroughly.

No matter how wretchedly poor a man may be he always has something we like to possess, and that is his good opinion.

TUBBS says the people of the most short comings he knows of, are his country relatives on his wife's side.

The best way I know of to correct bad eggs is to beat them to your heart's content.

The best summer style for wearing the hair is to wear it bald.

A MUTUAL friend: one who keeps mute.

The best scribe—sub-scribe.

A SURE if—the sher-if.



done. There was a wicked gleam in his eye for a moment, but his bereavement was cured when I gave him half of the deer. He never tried to avenge the death of his brother, though I expected he would the first opportunity. He did not even think enough of him to bury him, but let him lay where he fell; before morning the wolves had saved his relative all trouble in regard to the funeral obsequies.

The second Indian was a Sioux, during the massacre in Minnesota. In company with five others, we had been in pursuit of eighteen or twenty Sioux, and had just come up to them in a belt of timber through which ran a small stream, and for quite a while it was a little uncertain which party would get the best of the bargain. But our superior guns and skill gave the ascendancy, and at last the party was routed. I took after one big fellow, and was about to shoot him, when, in running, my foot caught in a grape-vine, and I fell to the ground. As I was rising, a hatchet came whizzing past, just grazing my face. Again I started after him, when, in attempting to jump the stream, he missed his foothold on the opposite bank and slid back into the water. I had my gun raised, when he turned, and holding up both hands, exclaimed, "Don't shoot; me Injun!"

In this case I might have taken him prisoner, and saved his life, but just then I was not in need of any prisoners, besides I was too mad, so I merely said, "Yes, I know, you're a sweet devil! I had not time for even a death-song."

For the first time I tried my hand at scalping; not because I particularly desired his "top-knot," but to see how easy it could be done, and also because I knew that an Indian looked upon it in the light of a disgrace not to scalp a brave enemy. The spectators of these sights get so deeply interested that it is not an extraordinary matter for them to appear as if almost deranged. Their excitement breaks out into exclamations of encouragement and applause, until at last they can control themselves no longer, and on their own account commence making demonstrations of joy by jumping about. The scalp-dance may last an entire night, or until worn down with fatigue, the actors are willing to forego their pleasures and seek rest.

An instance of native eloquence of the red-man, I give a speech by a Cheyenne chief, Porcupine Bear, on the occasion of a trader coming among them with whisky to trade for furs and peltry. Porcupine Bear was strongly opposed to using the liquor, while his brother-in-law, Bob-tailed Horse, just as strongly advocated the opening of the kegs. This led to a quarrel between the two warriors, who agreed to set

had rather go to the great and happy hunting-grounds now, than live and see the downfall of my nation. Our fires begin to burn dim, and will soon go out entirely. My people are becoming like the Pawnees: they buy the whisky of the trader, and because he is weak and notable to fight them, they go and steal from his lodge. I say, let us buy what is useful and good, but his whisky we will not touch: let him take that away with him. I have spoken all I have to say, and if my brother wishes to kill me for it, I am ready to die. I will go and sit with my fathers in the spirit-land, where I shall soon point down to the last expiring fire of the Cheyennes, and when they inquire the cause of this decline of their people, I will tell them with a straight tongue that it was the fire-water of the trader that put it out."

What an appeal this is to the pride and hearts of a people! What an unanswerable argument the whole! Surely it has an eloquence, sublimity and pathos worthy of Gough in his palmiest days. This trading whisky for Indian property is certainly the most infernal practice ever entered into by a white man.

Let the reader figure up for himself the enormous profits to be made on a single cask of alcohol, and my word for it, he will be astonished, if not whisky struck. To every gallon of alcohol there is added four gallons of water; this makes the whisky of the trader—the fire-water of the red-man. In two hundred gallons of this villainous stuff there are sixteen hundred pints, for every pint of which the trader gets a buffalo robe, worth at least five dollars. It requires a whole season's labor for the Indian women to dress these robes, and the white trader gets them for almost nothing. The poor wife must take her children and hide in the forest until the effect of the liquor has passed off from their husbands, fathers and brothers.

The Indian is not the same man before and after he gets whisky, they abuse, and often kill their families. Sixteen hundred robes—eight thousand dollars—for forty gallons of alcohol! It is not much wonder that when men make such profits, those who are engaged in the fur trade get rich; nor is it any wonder that the buffalo is decreasing so rapidly, being killed with such thoughtlessness that their hides are best known among the Indians by the appellation of a pint of whisky.

"Injun love rum!" I heard a chief boasting that. And he added, "Injun's father love minne-wakan great many moons ago!"